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The Commonweal

December 14, 1951

MORALITY IN GOVERNMENT

Eugene J. McCarthy

A Key to the Meaning of Manzoni

Serge Hughes

Volume LV **15c** *Number 10*

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The Commonweal

WEEK BY WEEK

Reducing Armaments

WHEN men consider the mounting cost of preparedness and the wars that have followed other armament races, arms reduction has a welcome sound. Disarmament serves as a popular watchword the world over. In the minds of many it is almost synonymous with peace. For the millions throughout the world still lacking adequate bread and clothing and shelter, the possibility of disarmament—and the consequent increase in essential commodities —brings rays of hope.

What are its prerequisites? The soundest basis for limiting arms would patently be mutual trust among the nations, at least a reasoned confidence that no large nation is so discontented with the general *status quo* that it would risk a war to modify it. And then there is that rarely attained confidence in the integrity of another nation's plighted word.

But if a modicum of mutual confidence is lacking between nations, there is only one way left of achieving disarmament. That is full-fledged surveillance and inspection all around. For without mutual trust official statements have little or no weight, pledges are empty of significance. They must be constantly checked by first-hand reports of numerous inspectors free to look for themselves into stockpiles and various productive facilities.

Ever since the United Nations began to consider the possibilities of disarmament, inspection has been the crucial point. The USSR would have none of it. Inspection is the key question today as the Big Four go into secret session in search of a formula for a census, limitation and reduction of arms. The first indication that the Soviets may somewhat relinquish their flat opposition to any inspection comes from the truce talks at Panmunjon, Korea. Here a UN proposal for inspection by both sides was finally accepted for the narrow buffer zone separating the two Koreas. The Chinese Communists have now taken one further step: they would agree to some limited inspections behind the lines, provided the men sent are nationals of countries not fighting in Korea (they cite the USSR as one of the eligible score of "neutrals").

Will the Soviet conferees in Paris agree to something comparable? And if so, would that make available to the West sufficient data to proceed with the other components of a major disarmament program? The fact that Mr. Vishinsky has insisted that the delegates take up the American-British-French proposals, and the proposed Russian amendments to each, paragraph by paragraph, is unhappily highly reminiscent of earlier USSR delaying tactics.

At the moment all indications are that the USSR has an overwhelming weight of men under arms and of what goes by the name of "conventional armaments." The United States appears to have a clear preponderance in atomic weapons, and is gradually lessening the gulf in available arms and armed forces. That explains the Russian formula of a one-third cut in present armaments plus a banning (and destruction) of atomic weapons. The present arms status and fear of Russia likewise explain why the West resists reducing (rather than enlarging) its conventional armaments or abandoning the only weapon believed currently capable of discouraging further Soviet aggression.

THE prospect is that the burden which armaments constitute for the hard-pressed peoples of the world will have even to be increased for the time being. The weak spots in the world are many. There is no avoiding the conclusion that a double task is involved. Defenses of a military character must rise, while somehow at the same time national economies achieve a solid foundation. The free nations of the world must be strong all through for enduring security against Soviet aggression. This two-fold task will test us to the limits of our ingenuity and our strength.

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Disarmament, meanwhile, remains as an ideal. No nation favors it more warmly than the United States, provided it is accompanied by due precautions. It tends to be a result rather than a cause of true peace. But for the current and future record this nation can afford to neglect no opportunity sincerely to explore any possible program for reducing the arms burden and lessening the tension in the world.

Plight of the Spanish Worker

THAT diffidence toward the Franco regime today need not simply be a carry-over from the tragic Spanish Civil War is substantiated by a speech by Cardinal Segura of Seville, published the first of December. It was devoted to the present condition of the Spanish worker.

Because of their rude struggle for bare subsistence, the Cardinal said, the workers in Spain are apathetic toward politics of any sort. Toward present trade unions they manifest a similar attitude, convinced that their unions are simply state organs which were tools of management. They hold that "employers and the wealthy" comprise the main obstacle to their economic betterment.

As a consequence the Spanish worker lists his enemies in the following order of importance: "employers, the wealthy, the Church—which he does not fear—and the Army—which he does." He "believes that the official wage he receives is a starvation wage and therefore unjust."

Finally Cardinal Segura declares that "the workers believe themselves to be slaves. They say that in the past slaves were bought and now they are rented." The Cardinal presented his statements on the basis of investigations into the condition of the workers in the Archdiocese of Seville, but they are held to be typical of many parts of Spain.

Cardinal Segura has long been a critic of the regime of General Franco. And in this same speech he did praise the regime for its accomplishments in low-cost housing. It must further be recognized that whatever the political regime in Spain it would be confronted by economic difficulties. But the general tenor of Cardinal Segura's vigorous plea to improve the living conditions and the status of the Spanish worker goes far to explain why independent observers in many lands entertain continuing doubts about the Franco regime as it exists today.

Fair Shares

FOR over a year there has been considerable thought given, especially on the Continent of Europe, to the French proposal called the Schuman Plan for pooling the coal and steel resources of Europe. The idea sounds like a socialist one, but actually it is not; the Plan does not provide for the national ownership of mines and factories. It would leave them in private hands, but it would set up a supra-national authority and a court of appeals, composed of members from the participating countries, to regulate the business practices of the coal and steel industries for the mutual benefit of all. The idea is to prevent ruinous competition, to remove national rivalries by binding Europe together economically and to expand the over-all production of Europe as a unit, as one mass-producing and thus more efficient area.

When it was first announced, the Schuman Plan was greeted enthusiastically as an exciting and revolutionary idea. Since then the enthusiasm has waned somewhat: the Plan is not socialist enough for the Socialists, it is not free enterprise enough for the Gaullists, and the British have so far refused to join it. But despite all these reservations, the Schuman Plan continues to make its way through the higher councils and legislative assemblies of Europe and there is a very good chance that it will eventually be adopted.

There are several reasons for saying that it may well be adopted, the foremost of which is that the Soviet threat is literally forcing Europe

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• NEXT WEEK •

GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN writes from Rome of "Red Puritans."

"It seems to be a fact, and one that is overlooked in the West, that a League of Public Decency would probably not have much to do on the other side of the Iron Curtain. The looseness, the moral chaos of the early years of the Russian Revolution has been replaced by a strange external puritanism, which reminds one of the Jacobins and the Calvinists. The West can hardly talk any more about the Communists' lack of public sexual morality, but the Communists can and do talk about the 'bourgeois disillusionment' of the West."

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into economic union. But at bottom, there is an ethical appeal to the Schuman Plan—the notion of distributive justice, or, as some would say, fair shares for all—and it seems safe to assume that it is this ethical ideal of restraining wild competition and of putting a ceiling on man's acquisitive instincts that gives the Schuman Plan a large part of its popular appeal. It gives the Europeans a sense of working toward a goal that is not altogether selfish.

It is really one of the great paradoxes of all time that we of the nominally Christian West should now be re-discovering the attractiveness of the idea of sharing the world's wealth, of acting as stewards. Yet we are stumbling in this direction today, whether we believe in free enterpris or in socialism or in something in between, largely because circumstances are forcing us in this direction. And, let's face it, it is the Marxists who are mainly responsible for forcing us in this direction. They have tried hard to exercise a monopoly on the idea of sharing wealth for the common good and they have been immensely successful at creating the impression that that is what they are up to. They are not, of course, but the fact is they have been operating successfully in a vacuum that we supplied for them. We of the West allowed the pyramiding of wealth to go on and on while the many went hungry. So today we have two great scourges: Communism and what we refer to as the underdeveloped areas, and for both of these social illnesses we are greatly responsible because we neglected the concept of sharing the world's wealth.

Speaking the other day to a meeting of European and American businessmen, Mr. Paul Hoffman said: "If Europe and the United States are to meet [their] problems, we both must quickly achieve greatly expanded production. This can be achieved only through higher productivity—higher output per man hour." To do this Mr. Hoffman advised a business competition that is "free, sharp and painful." Only this, he said, will enable us to produce more and beat Russia to the job of raising the standards of living in the depressed areas of the world.

Now Mr. Hoffman was not arguing against the regulatory features of the Schuman Plan. As a businessman he is simply doing his best to make the principles of free enterprise serve the cause of Western survival. But Europe, and all the world, need badly to hear something else stronger than the doctrine of produce, produce, produce. No doubt Europe needs to hear that, but it needs, even more, to hear America say that we should all produce *for* the common good, for fair shares for all, for the ideal that is at the bottom of the Schuman Plan, for the goal of distributive justice toward which the modern world is trying to find its way.

That ideal lies deep in our heritage but we have not given voice to it as we have to the doctrine of produce, produce, produce. Maybe the reason we have not is that we will first have to see more carefully to the distribution of our own wealth; just as we have done with the doctrine of production, we will first have to practice what we preach.

Good Device

IN the heated nationwide debates about civil rights the big argument has been persuasion versus coercion. Those opposing compulsive FEPC legislation have held that the position of the American Negro is gradually improving, both in the North and the South; that legislation not supported by the people in a region is unenforceable; that education is the way to bring an end to racial or religious discrimination in such vital matters as employment, housing, school facilities and the use of public conveyances. Some opponents even maintain that present progress toward civil rights would actually be halted by an attempt to force full anti-discrimination on communities not yet ready for it.

Proponents of such legislation have replied that such methods are too slow, making for the indefinite prolongation of the second-class citizenship of millions of Americans. The very enactment of FEPC laws would give these citizens a new status and would have tremendous educative value. But regional opposition is so determined that Mr. Truman's civil rights legislation seems as far from enactment as ever. It remains as a Fair Deal campaign slogan and to some extent a non-partisan political ideal.

The President has recently grasped the opportunity presented by the increasing number and extensiveness of government defense contracts to instruct the agencies awarding them to enforce non-discrimination. If these administrative heads carry out such instructions conscientiously, the FEPC program will become an actuality in one important sector of the national terrain. That itself should set many precedents. It should hasten the day when our pretensions of providing democratic liberties for all are not belied in the key matter of discrimination on account of a person's race.

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Matter of Opinion

MR. LEO B. FLAHERTY of Rockville, Connecticut recently wrote a letter to the Hartford *Times* quoting an article on Senator McCarthy which appeared in THE COMMONWEAL. "Recent letters to the *Times* had quoted Catholic publications praising the Senator," Mr. Flaherty tells us, "and I finally answered with a brief letter pointing out that all Catholic publications were not of like mind on this subject."

A few days later the *Times* ran the following letter from Grace Bancroft of New Bedford, Massachusetts:

"The Commonweal which Mr. Flaherty quoted as critical of Sen. McCarthy is not an outstanding Catholic publication. In fact, its views are not consistent with Catholic teachings or views always. Loyal Catholics ignore much of Commonweal's views and reviews.

"If Mr. Flaherty will read the Brooklyn *Tablet,* he will be reading the outstanding Catholic paper of the country. He will find that instead of smearing and abusing that loyal fighting American, Senator Joseph McCarthy, the paper praises and admires his honesty, courage and forthright Americanism."

Now this small exchange, it seems to me, sums up a common misunderstanding of the role of THE COMMONWEAL, that of the Brooklyn *Tablet* and other "official" Catholic publications, and the extent to which the Church itself controls the opinion of Catholics on specific political questions. Some distinctions are ever necessary.

First the question of THE COMMONWEAL as a Catholic publication. What is meant by that? It has been stated in these columns several times during the past year, but here it is again, in the same words:

"THE COMMONWEAL is a journal of opinion, pure and simple. To be sure, there is a sense in which THE COMMONWEAL can be called a Catholic magazine. Its editors and most of its contributors are Catholics. Catholic beliefs, Catholic values are the yardstick by which they measure the events of the day. 'Catholic values' are not sectarian values, denominational values. . . .

"There is another sense in which THE COMMONWEAL cannot even be called a religious magazine. It is primarily concerned with the temporal order. It has no mandate from the Church. It cannot commit the authority of the Church. It cannot even speak with the wisdom and experience of the Church.

"THE COMMONWEAL represents the efforts of a group of lay journalists to weigh and evaluate the week-by-week concerns of people everywhere and to do so within the abiding framework of the Christian tradition. This—no more and no less."

Surely there is a difference between a magazine like this one and an official diocesan publication. The one is under the direct supervision of a Bishop; it serves as a means of communication between him and his people whenever he chooses to use it as such. As such, one would expect it to be an extension of the pulpit and not primarily concerned with the temporal order.

But as a matter of fact, diocesan papers in this country are generally deeply concerned with the political, social and economic fields. They consistently take positions on concrete issues and personalities; support this or that political view or trend, either directly or inferentially, and campaign against others. How much freedom their editors exercise is for the Bishop to decide. Editors are generally priests, but they are often laymen, like the editors of THE COMMONWEAL. But whether priests or laymen, they merely call them as they see them. Whatever wisdom or asininity they reveal in doing so is their burden, not the Church's.

It is true that the Church does enunciate clear-cut principles affecting certain issues. But the application of these principles is quite another thing; it provides the area in which Catholic journalists come to odds. Senator McCarthy's campaign, the MacArthur-Truman debate, the evaluation of Franco's regime, the use of pressure methods and picket lines, the justice or injustice of specific strikes are others. Catholics, clerical or lay, will disagree sharply. That is to be expected. Before World War II Catholic journals, writers, even Bishops themselves were in heated disagreement over the isolationist-interventionist question. On matters like these, there cannot, by the nature of things, be an "official" Catholic view, either in the diocesan papers or in the independent lay publications, of which, incidentally, there are now at least ten.

Of publications which take definite stands on concrete questions of the temporal order, Jacques Maritain wrote: "By this very fact [that such stands are taken] it is obvious that they do not engage the Church—even if, as is to be desired, they draw their inspirations in the most courageous, intrepid manner from Christian wisdom. . . . Doubtless, to the extent to which their inspiration is truly and integrally Christian, they witness to the Gospel and serve in an effective way in the penetration of the world and men's lives by Christianity. . . . That Catholics should form different groups on the temporal plane, and even ones which are mutually opposed, is normal. What is demanded here is that they should keep among these diversities and oppositions those laws of truth, of loyalty, of justice and charity to which they are bound to conform their actions, not only with regard to those who share their faith, but with regard to all men whatsoever."

The teachings, experience and guidance of the Church are involved when a view is "official"—but mere human wisdom, human fallibility, sometimes human prejudices, are concerned where there is a question of majority and minority opinion. Neither side can claim the Holy Ghost for its own. This should certainly be clear to readers of THE COMMONWEAL, and I think it might be a good idea for the diocesan editors to state now and then just where their "official" prerogatives start and where they end. One paper, the *Catholic Messenger* of Davenport makes a definite distinction in its columns for that very reason, an instance of the paper's general sense of responsibility. The *Messenger* may at times, like all journals, be woefully wrong, but it makes every effort to see that the Church is not involved in its mistakes, even in the public mind.

JOHN COGLEY.

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Morality in Government

When the people look to Washington they find an all too accurate reflection of the national picture.

By EUGENE J. McCARTHY

"AMONG the great modern nations the United States has had perhaps the least enviable reputation as regards the probity of its political life." This is the statement of Peter H. Odegard in an article on "Corruption" for the 1937 edition of the *Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences*.

The findings of Congressional and executive investigations indicate that public officials today are living up to this reputation. These investigations have exposed a shocking lack of any sense of moral responsibility on the part of many public officials. They have found other officials whose standards are extremely personal, flexible, and inadequate.

The people of the United States are genuinely disturbed. It is not important to them that no one of the current scandals reaches as high in government as Teapot Dome did, or that none is of equal magnitude. It is not important to them that there have been other periods in our history when the number of known cases of corruption was larger. Sufficient for the day is the corruption thereof. The people of the United States are asking themselves, and their religious, educational, and political leaders two important questions.

First: What is the cause of the present condition of political morality?

Second: What can be done to bring about reform?

These are, of course, not new questions in the history of the United States, or of the world. The problem of the ethical and moral standards which should obtain in public service is one which has attracted the attention of thoughtful men throughout the history of civilization. It is one which thoughtful men today must also consider, not with the reluctance which is noted by the Senate subcommittee, but with the humility which the same committee observes to be a necessary condition.

Why do we have the present condition of morality in political office? The answer is not to be found in simple one-cause explanations such as that of Senator Aiken, who asserts in his "additional views" appended to the Senate subcommittee report "that corruption is the inevitable result when one party or one faction remains too long in power." Neither is it to be found in sweeping generalizations regarding the inevitable corruption in our system of government. If this were true, our only hope for democracy would be that International Business Machines, together with the testers of intelligence, social attitudes, emotions, and the rest, will eventually give us a scientific instrument for the selection of superior persons from the masses—a modern scientific implementation of Plato's proposal for selecting the guardians of his ideal democracy by subjecting the prospects to the triple test: first, as to whether they remember well and were not deceived; second, as to whether they could endure toils, pains, and conflicts; and third, as to whether they could withstand the "softer influence of pleasure or the sterner influence of fear."

Undoubtedly there is a need for procedural change in our governmental system but the possibilities of moral reform through such changes are very limited. We must look for more fundamental causes for the conditions which have been found.

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THERE are, I think, at least three fundamental general causes.

1. The general level of morality in the United States.

2. The level of morality in business, in the legal profession, and in other professions most directly bearing upon political activity.

3. The lack of any strong tradition of political responsibility or of the honor of political office in the United States.

Let us look first at the general level of morality in the United States. It is a matter of common knowledge, sustained by statistical data, that the level is not high. This should not be a complete surprise to us. One of my philosophy teachers once stated that "anyone who is surprised by the nudism of the twentieth century, must be completely ignorant of the naturalism of the nineteenth century."

Philosophical and religious beliefs do affect

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conduct. When the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court declares that the only absolute is that there are no absolutes, and when recognized religious and philosophical leaders lend their names to a declaration of their faith in man "to make his way by his own means to the truth which is true to him," we should not be shocked to find the people generally, and some government officials, making up a few rules which are convenient to their own purposes. Undoubtedly the moral standards accepted and observed by the people of a democratic country such as ours will be reflected in the conduct of the officials of the country.

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THE conduct of public officials is affected more directly, however, by the standards of conduct accepted in business and in the professions which touch government more directly. It is significant that in almost every case in which an accused public official has attempted to defend himself, he has argued that his actions were fully within the bounds of accepted practices in the business world, in the legal profession, or in some other professional group.

It is not fair to say that self-interest is the only motive in business or the professions, but the evidence is strong that it is the predominant consideration. Carl Snyder in his book *Capitalism the Creator* observes that despite our prejudices we must acknowledge that avarice and greed have been the great forces in the building of America. In any case, the opportunist, the sharp dealer, is not despised by the business world. Often, if he avoids conviction, he sits at the head of the table. The high pressure artist, the dealer in influence, the public relations man, expanding doubt or contracting truth, as the case demands, all the disciples of Hermes, sit at the right hand. Business, and more recently some of the professions, rally to the cry "Free Enterprise." Of course, like any popular slogan, this means many things to many people. But fundamentally it comprehends a rejection of social responsibility and of social justice. It leaves no room for the concept of distributive justice or the traditional idea of legal justice, and very little room for commutative justice. Legality becomes the watchword.

A recent issue of a highly respected magazine, published principally for business men, carried an article on "How to Save on Taxes." After establishing that the purpose and intent of the tax laws is to have each taxpayer pay 1951 taxes on 1951 income, and 1952 taxes, the higher taxes, on 1952 income, the article goes on to recommend that when possible, its readers should try to get advance payments of 1952 salary, interest, rents, commissions, and fees, so as to avoid paying the higher 1952 tax. The fact that through this device the government will lose revenue which under the law it should receive, or that other taxpayers will have to make up the amount which the informed and alert reader avoids paying, seems to be of no concern.

Many business men see little or no wrong in avoiding the law. John Cassidy, who argued the question of political morality with Mr. Dooley at the turn of the century, insisted that he "niver knew a pollytician to go wrong ontil he's been contaminated by contact with a business man."

The business point of view has been transferred to other professions. In a recent issue *Time* reports an interview between a professor and a promising medical student which is illustrative. The student, when he was asked why he had gone into medicine, replied that he had done so because it looked like a lucrative field. When asked what he wanted to do as a doctor, he replied that he intended to get into a specialty that offered the largest fees. He stated further that there was no special social responsibility attached to the medical profession and that he considered himself to be just like anyone else, preparing to get the most out of his profession for himself. Whereas I do not contend that this point of view is typical or representative of the professions, I fear that it is very widely held. "Free Enterprise" is the first principle upon which even the professions are demanding autonomy and immunity.

In the long run it is the indirect and more subtle influence resulting from the transfer of this exploitative philosophy, rather than the direct influence of bribery and influence payments, that is most destructive of morality in public office.

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THE third general cause contributing to the low level of morality in government in the United States is the lack of any strong tradition, of the responsibilities and the honor of government office.

In the beginning of our national life, we cut ourselves away from the aristocratic traditions of the old world and adopted instead an egalitarian political philosophy. Every citizen was given a share in the political power which in the old order was restricted to the nobility. In transferring to each citizen political rights we failed to transfer the corresponding responsibilities, which the old traditions and institutions had imposed upon the nobility. We failed to develop a new institution and a new tradition, attaching obligations and responsibility to position and to office directly as a substitute for the system which fixed such responsibility through birth or class.

The disorder resulting from this failure was emphasized by the general acceptance in the United States of a negative and pessimistic po-

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litical philosophy which held that government at best was a necessary evil, "the badge of lost innocence" as Thomas Paine described it. The normal attitude of the citizen towards government was, consequently, one of suspicion, distrust, and antagonism. Government officials were looked upon either as policemen or as pensioners. Much of this same attitude remains today.

What can be done to bring about an improvement in political morality?

First, the general level of morality in the United States must be raised. This is basically an individual problem, but it is one which is the responsibility of government, as well as of all constructive social institutions.

Second: Ethical standards in business and in the professions, too, must be raised, primarily for the sake of business and the professions, but also for the effects which improved standards in these fields will have on morality in government.

Third: We must take immediate action to develop in the United States a code of ethics for men in public office, and to lay the foundations upon which we can build a tradition of the high honor and responsibility of government office.

Progress in this third field of action does not depend absolutely on progress in the other two fields. There is no clear evidence that either the business and professional, or the personal morality, of the British is superior to that of the people of the United States. Yet there is positive evidence that the standards for conduct in public office in England are definitely superior to the accepted standards in the United States. This superiority is not a matter of accident; neither is it the end product of an unbroken tradition. In the 18th century corruption was widespread in the British government, both in Parliament and in the civil service. However, by the beginning of the twentieth century both the Parliament and the British Civil Service had achieved a reputation that was practically beyond question. That reputation has been carefully preserved in the first fifty years of this century.

We can accomplish a similar reform in the United States. The responsibility rests upon everyone and upon every institution that has power to form the mind of America.

Time for a General House Cleaning

Everybody is opposed to sin — the question is: What is to be done about it, and who should do it?

By BURTIS LANG

CORRUPTION is sin. To avoid all possible misunderstanding, let it be said at the outset that this correspondent is staunchly opposed to it. More significantly the American electorate, as clearly demonstrated on November 6 last in New York City, Philadelphia, Boston and elsewhere, is also opposed to it.

But corruption, like sin, is many things. It has many categories. It varies considerably in degree. Much of what goes under the general heading of corruption is strictly illegal, but some of it is carried on within the limits of the law and is almost accepted practice.

Since this whole matter of corruption has already been made a central political issue and since it is subject to so many moral judgments and interpretations, it would be well to attempt, albeit briefly, some kind of perspective on the whole range of problems which it encompasses.

In this brief analysis, we shall limit ourselves to what might be called the federal or "Washington" aspects of the question.

BURTIS LANG is a Washington publicist.

From the point of view of making moral judgments, the easiest aspect of the problem is the sort of scandal that has been uncovered in the Bureau of Internal Revenue. Here is crime, naked and unashamed. Here it is a question of government officials with direct power over the pocketbooks of the tax-payers accepting financial remuneration for favorable rulings. Even if it has not been strictly illegal for tax-collectors to engage in private business and to make substantial sales to companies under their official jurisdiction, it is so clearly a financial *quid pro quo* demanding criminal prosecution.

In the same category of patently illegal practices are the scandals for which the Garson brothers, John Maragon, and Congressmen Mays, Thomas and Brehm have been prosecuted. In the cases of Congressmen Thomas and Brehm (both Republicans, let it be noted) the problem involved the alleged "kick-back" of staff salaries, a more flagrant crime than many others but with less significance for the operation of government than, for example, a tax scandal.

It is in the field of "influence" that moral judgments become difficult. The word itself has, in the present context of events in Washington,

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become suspect. And yet, in a very real sense, all governmental functions operate through some kind of influence.

Thus, it is by the use of influence that the labor and liberal organizations, sometimes referred to collectively as the "liberal-labor lobby," attempt to secure or to prevent the enactment of legislation. Conservative or business organizations use similar methods. Is this wrong? On the contrary, this is the essence of the democratic process.

Senators and Congressmen are in the influence business. Indeed, if they are not, the chances are that the voters will not return them to office at the next election. Much of their time (too much, most of them complain) is necessarily spent doing favors for their constituents: getting government projects or contracts for their own states or districts, securing appointments to government jobs, contacting governmental agencies with regard to decisions affecting individual businesses in their own community. It might be a pleasant pastime to envisage a society in which the elected representatives of the people were freed from these obligations. But this would surely be a denatured society in which the instincts of self-interest and self-preservation were totally absent.

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THEN there is the problem of the Washington lawyers, which has been brought to sharp public attention by the investigation of the activities of the former Democratic National Chairman, Mr. Boyle, and the present Republican National Chairman, Mr. Gabrielson. Without in any way excusing or condoning the use or misuse of influence by the firm of Boyle and Siskind or by Mr. Gabrielson, it should be understood that every successful Washington lawyer makes use of his personal contacts in government and very frequently of his previous experience in government.

If a businessman (or a labor leader, for that matter) finds that he needs legal representation in the nation's capital, what qualifications does he look for? In addition to finding someone with general legal competence, he will quite naturally be inclined to engage the services of someone who has personal relationships (influence, if you will) with officials in the agency involved in his case and with important Senators and Congressmen. In addition, if he can find a lawyer who has had actual experience as an official of the agency concerned, so much the better.

The fewest of Washington lawyers are registered lobbyists, largely because "lobbying" is construed in the narrow sense of seeking to influence legislation and thus excludes the equally important field of influencing administrative decisions. In any case it would be impossible to legislate out of existence the kind of legal practice which inevitably flourishes in connection with the national government.

This brings us to the controversial problem of the "five percenters," that is, the Washington agents or representatives who receive a commission or some kind of remuneration for securing government contracts. At the risk of shocking sensitive readers, this observer would suggest that the institution of the Washington agent, as distinct from the malpractices of which some of them have been guilty, has been grossly misunderstood and misrepresented. To put it bluntly, the so-called "five percenter" is frequently merely the representative, and the only available representative, of the small businessman in Washington. Without him the small businessman is even more helpless in his efforts to compete with large-scale industry.

Small business cannot afford full-time Washington representation, nor can it pay annual legal retainers of sufficient magnitude to warrant the attention of the influential Washington law firms.

It is, then, in this set of circumstances that the so-called "five percenter" comes in. He is the Washington agent who divides his time among a number of business clients and is remunerated on the basis of the actual business he obtains. Without his services the small and medium business might well be completely frozen out of government contracts, or entirely dependent on big business for sub-contracts. Regarded in this light, there is clearly nothing socially or morally wrong with the institution. What *has* been wrong has been the method of payment and the misuse of "influence" by unscrupulous individuals.

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THERE can be no question that a more far-reaching type of corruption, even if entirely legal, is that practiced by corporate business interests in the operation of government. Such influence caused the erudite Senator Douglas to include in his subcommittee report on "Ethical Standards in Government" the appropriate medieval English quatrain dealing with the manner in which the nobility enclosed and took over the common lands:

> The law locks up both man and woman
> Who steals the goose from off the common,
> But lets the greater felon loose
> Who steals the common from the goose.

This influence works in two ways. In the first place, it makes use of every direct and indirect device of molding public opinion and individual members of Congress to advance its own interests in the enactment of legislation. Since every interest, vested or otherwise, has an equal democratic right, there can be no exception taken to

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such activity *per se*. We can only insist, as the late Representative Frank Buchanan sought to do in his Special House Committee on Lobbying, that the methods and finances of such activity be open to public scrutiny.

A second and more covert method of this kind of "legal corruption" has to do with the agencies established to administer the laws and to regulate specific fields of economic enterprise. Too many such agencies in Washington today are actually controlled or unduly influenced by the various interests which they were originally designed to regulate. One thinks immediately of the Civil Aeronautics Board, the Federal Power Commission, the Federal Reserve Board, the Maritime Commission and others. (The case of Wayne Coy, chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, might well be cited to demonstrate that disinterested public service is still not a forgotten art.)

The story of the natural gas fight illustrates the use of both types of corporate influence against the people's interests. After the President had vetoed the Kerr Bill (designed to benefit the oil companies) and Senator Douglas had led a successful fight to sustain the veto, the Federal Power Commission effectively "enacted" the bill through administrative ruling. Actually the Administration is far more vulnerable on this kind of "corruption" than on the "mink coat" variety. We would hasten to add, however, that this type of "corruption" would hardly be alleviated if the present Administration were replaced by its most violent and reactionary critics.

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IT MIGHT appear from the foregoing analysis that we are underestimating or condoning the various forms of corruption that have been brought to light in recent months. Nothing could be farther from the truth. But we would insist that no feasible program for correcting existing abuses can be or ought to be carried out if we are indiscriminating in our righteous indignation.

We shall make no attempt here to outline a detailed program. Literally hundreds of specific recommendations were made to Senator Douglas' Committee and to the Committee on the Organization of Congress headed by Senator McClellan. Out of all the suggestions we would merely indicate the following general approaches to the problem:

1) The recommendation of the Douglas Committee for a Commission on Ethics in Government, to make a full report after a two-year study, should be vigorously supported. The magnitude and the ramifications of the problem are beyond the capacities of any brief congressional hearing.

2) In the legislative field, certain definite steps are clearly indicated, such as the mandatory disclosure of income and assets by public officials, including members of Congress and the principal officials of political parties, as recommended by the President.

3) But the President is indeed disingenuous if his recommendation carries the implication that the basic solutions are legislative. On the contrary they are administrative, and they lie in appointing to the agencies and commissions disinterested public officials who are capable of inspiring public confidence.

4) Our political parties, from the national level down through the states to the local communities, must be infused with greater substance in terms of program and ideas so that money and influence become less powerful political factors. Both of our major parties are far too dependent on large financial contributions, and this is clearly due to the apathy and lack of participation of the average voter, not to speak of the non-voter. This is the old, old story of politics being "dirty business." Its degree of cleanliness will be directly proportionate to the extent of general popular participation.

We are going to hear about corruption constantly during the critical political months of 1952. The great danger is that the principal casualties will be the overriding issues of foreign and domestic policy which face us as a nation. A supreme effort will be made to concentrate the attention of the voters on mink coats so that they will forget about the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, the Marshall Plan, Point IV, economic stabilization, civil rights, and civil liberties.

Those of us who believe in the importance of these issues will make a tragic mistake if we attempt to evade or minimize the significance of the issue of corruption to the average voter. There are already too many decent, liberal citizens who somehow believe that the present wave of corruption is the inevitable result of twenty consecutive years of administration by one party. They forget that the Republicans were able to manage the Teapot Dome scandal during their first term of office following eight years of Democratic administration. They forget too that nothing approaching a Teapot Dome scandal has occurred in these twenty years of giant war and defense budgets.

No more valuable political asset could be found by any administration than the will and the capacity to clean its own house. Recent disclosures have taken place under the leadership of Senators Kefauver and Fulbright and Congressman King, all loyal Democrats. If the present Administration will move from the defense to the offense on this issue, the elections of 1952 may yet be fought out, and won, on the major issues.

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After the Festival

By HAROLD NICOLSON

WHEN I opened my window a lonely leaf from the adjoining plane tree swirled into the room. It reminded me of what a wonderful time of it the plane trees at Battersea and on the South Bank had during the last fantastic summer. They were illuminated from above and from below; they had searchlights playing on them sideways and fairy lights nestling among their twigs; they were colored emerald, orange, purple, pink and scarlet by tinted glasses; they had listened to gasps of admiration and respect from many million throats.

I am glad that the London plane trees have at last been made a fuss of, since they are, to my mind, the most underestimated of all municipal trees. In Greece the poets celebrated their beauty more than 2,500 years ago; the Persian painters were never tired of introducing into their miniatures the splayed leaves of the plane tree or its nice fat trunk; it was in the shadow of the great plane tree at Cos that Hippocrates, the father of medicine, instructed his pupils; and yet, as far as I remember, there is only one reference in all English poetry to this happy, healthy tree. Somewhere our present Poet Laureate speaks of midnight walks in London along pavements that flickered under the street lamps with the shadow of the plane tree's leaf. Anyhow, at last, our London tree has been accorded full honor at a London festival. And now the leaves that but a few weeks ago were intoxicating themselves with lights and gaiety are falling one by one upon the empty fairway, where no longer the lights will wink from the pavement as they are uncovered, and then covered again, by the footsteps of the sauntering crowds.

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NO, I AM not going to sing a dirge in honor of the Festival of Britain, or emit a long, autumnal wail over the passing of this summer's fantasy. You have had enough of all that. What I want to do is to consider a truly strange and striking phenomenon, a problem which to foreign minds, and even to British minds, seems inexplicable. How came it, future generations may ask, that in the year 1951, which even by the brightest optimist could scarcely be defined as the happiest year in our rough island story—how came it that in 1951 the people of Britain suddenly decided to bring out their ribbons and their fairy lights and to dance together in the streets of their cities or upon the village greens? The historian, I suppose, will say that we were celebrating the centenary of the Great Exhibition of 1851. But you and I know that such would not be a correct description. There was something else about it—a certain youthfulness of impulse, a certain champagne feel. You will agree with me that the few individuals whom we have met who disapproved of the Festival, who thought it childish and silly, who grumbled that "this is not the time . . ." and so on, were just the sort of unhappy types who do not care for the young, who object to children yelling happily in the street outside, who frown at people who solicit subscriptions for the due celebration, on November 5, of the triumph of the established religion and our parliamentary liberties. But even when we admit all this, we must confess that it really was rather odd of us to go all gay in this year 1951.

It is not as if we remembered 1851 so clearly or cared much about it. We liked the Crystal Palace up there on its hill; we had become fond in a way of the Albert Memorial; some specialists such as Mr. John Betjeman, Mr. Osbert Lancaster, and the late Christopher Hobhouse knew quite a deal about the exhibition of a hundred years ago and all the, to our minds, ghastly objects that were then displayed. Yet there was certainly no sudden upsurging of a national determination to commemorate the Prince Consort, or his huge glass conservatory in Hyde Park; there must have been some other motive in this unexpected mood and the movements that it produced. I understand that it was Sir Gerald Barry who first had the idea of holding an exhibition in 1951. But the strange thing was that the idea caught on immediately and that it spread far and wide. Every city, every town, every village started to rummage in their archives and storerooms for forgotten trophies of the past: old liveries were pulled out and dusted, old maps were framed and repaired, old title deeds discovered and displayed. In every town hall, in every parish room, the records of the past were set out for the instruction or delight of the citizens, mayors and aldermen, suitably arrayed, tramped the wet streets in procession after procession; buildings which until then had been masked by the grime of centuries or relegated to merciful obscurity were suddenly refurbished and flood-lit; statues that had not been cleaned for generations were polished until their noses shone; walls were splashed with fresh paint, balconies were regilded, municipal gardens were planted with new flowers and their verges neatly trimmed; flags fluttered from all the tramway stanchions and from every hedge.

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WHAT is so surprising is, not so much that we decided to hold a Festival in 1951 (although I still feel that it was most eccentric of us to have this sudden idea) as that the idea developed its own spontaneity, its own special zest. It is no use saying, as foreigners are apt to say, that the British have always been mentally unbalanced and subject to spasms of mass hallucination. We know that this is nonsense and that as a people we are remarkable for our practical wisdom and common sense. Why therefore did we choose this year of all years, a year in which we are still burdened by anxiety, hampered by a necessary but unloved rearmament program, and facing great difficulties abroad, to have a festival of happiness? Why, at a moment when we are suffering as

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we have never suffered before from lack of labor, lack of raw materials, lack of money, lack of fuel, lack of power generally, hold exhibitions all over the country that we well know would absorb and even waste all these precious things? Why, at a time when people are denounced as traitors to society if they turn on two bars of an electric stove, should we decide publicly, and extremely publicly, to turn on more lights than have ever been turned on before? That is the problem that seems insoluble to the hard, foreign eye. It is a problem that I am trying to explain.

In the first place, we are not merely an illogical race; we take pride and glory in the fact that all our thoughts, actions, and feelings are invariably based upon the opposites of logic. It is this loathing of the logical that has given us our electoral system, our Empire, the poetry of Shakespeare, the beauty of our parks and gardens, and Sir Gerald Barry's idea. Of course it was extremely reckless of us in this year 1951 to embark upon anything so venturesome. But what foreigners fail to see is that we wanted to be reckless. We wanted to show the world that we were still very much alive. And we did show them.

Of course, there was a practical side. There always is some practical aspect in every act of daring that we commit. We wanted to help the export drive and to put our goods in the shop window. You will agree that the goods we displayed were excellent, shining, and ingenious; you will agree that the shop window was one of the most fantastic and amusing shop-windows ever devised. Yes, of course, there was a practical side. But it was not that aspect that endeared (and I use the word advisedly) the Skylon and its glittering or tubby companions to so many millions among us. All manner of other feelings and sentiments and emotions were involved.

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BRITAIN was feeling anxious, worried, depressed, rather sorry for herself, rather miserable. "Let us," said Sir Gerald Barry, "have a Festival." "What a splendid idea!" we all exclaimed in response, and set to work. What struck the foreigners so much about the Festival, about the South Bank exhibition and the lovely evocation of Vauxhall and Cremorne pleasure gardens at Battersea, was the one of high spirits in which they were all conceived. "I have seen many exhibitions in my life," a Frenchman said to me, "they have all been more magnificent, more stately and more shapely than this. But I never saw an exhibition before that was designed, and deliberately designed, and successfully designed, to provoke merriment. Never, at all the previous exhibitions I have visited, have I seen so many people laugh." Well, that was the first motive: to dissipate the gloom that hung like a pea-soup fog above the heads of the generation of 1951. It was a worthy motive.

Britain, for various reasons, was feeling rather humiliated. It was with regretful sadness that we looked back to 1851 and the time when Europe was the center of the world and we the greatest power in Europe. We would show the world that we were still the master-craftsmen; that we still possessed the ingenuity, the skill, the imagination and the energy of our forefathers. We would show them that we were not down and out, but up and in. We would show them that we were not a back-number, but front-page news. And we did show them.

We were worried again by all this internal dissension, by that unnatural malady of class animosity. Let us therefore emphasize our unity. Let all the people sing together and watch the fireworks soaring in the sky and all the little lamps twinkling among the trees. Let us show the world that we were after all a people, cemented together by the gigantic pressures of history, being amused by the same sort of silly little things. One thing, an indestructible if undefinable thing, we all had in common, whether capitalist, bourgeois, or proletariat: we had the same sort of character underneath. Let us, they said, illustrate and emphasize that character. And they did.

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WE ARE an ancient people, formed of many obscure strands. We take a pride in our antiquity, as we take a pride in this wonderful fusion of tradition and invention, of precedent and experiment, of uniformity with eccentricty. Surely that also was one of the motives of the Festival, to remind us that we were very, very old and very, very young; and thus to fortify our pride. What a demonstration it all was of national resilience, of the energy and union that underlie! The leaves may change their color and fall one by one upon the wet pavements; the trunks may seem black and gnarled. But the sap is there pulsing as strongly as ever, and the aging bark is replenished by the strong young bark that grows again. Such were the motives of the Festival: to assert our energy, our resource, our unity, our intelligence, our antiquity, and our eternal youth.

An Appeal

A READER who is now serving as an advisor in the office of the American Land Commissioner for Bavaria calls our attention to the need of the St. Anna Home for Girls in Kochel/See, Bavaria, Western Zones, Germany. This institution, which is conducted by an order of nuns, has in its care girls between the ages of 6 and 18. Its present complement of 60 girls is about to be doubled.

The St. Anna Home has won a fine name for itself for its constructive work. It is now beset, however, by grave financial difficulties. It is also in great need of girls' clothing, CARE packages and household linens. Contributions and packages may be sent direct or may be addressed to our correspondent, who has volunteered to deliver them to the St. Anna Home:

Mr. Edward J. Joyce,
Religious Affairs Advisor,
Office of the Land Commissioner for Bavaria
APO 407-A, USA
New York, N. Y.

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The Stage

GIGI

SOMEBODY could write a textbook on style around the current production of "Gigi." The basic notion of the play, taken from a novel by Colette, is flippant and amoral. It concerns the thorough preparation of a Parisian child for the career of handsomely kept woman, and it ends with the child's discovery that love and marriage are rather more interesting. As a story-line, this is a sustained and witty mockery of conventional values, sophisticated in itself and about itself: it treats sin casually, and then contemptuously, and it has a unified and pleasantly airy tone.

Anita Loos, who adapted it for the stage, has no style at all. She follows the Colette outline patiently and perfunctorily. She adds no verbal wit to the underlying humor of the narrative.

Raymond Rouleau, who directed the play, is a belligerent stylist. For him, style is emphaic behavior, of almost any kind, and he has his people cocking their heads, pouncing on props, and in general hurtling about the stage as though postured animation were the whole secret of stage insouciance. Unlike Miss Loos, he understands that the play needs asperity and dash, but his touch is awfully strident for so gossamer a piece, and there are times when he comes close to dashing its brains out.

Gilbert Miller, who produced "Gigi," is a man of somewhat effete tastes. His great passion is for dressing the stage fashionably, and you feel that he is interested in a play of this kind only because it permits him to indulge his penchant for painted scene-curtains, incidental mood music, and period bric-a-brac. He has had Raymond Sovey design two busy and opulent interiors, somebody else—whose name is not given—design five or six delightful exteriors, and if he is not to be found in the lobby passing out tea-roses to the ladies that is no doubt because he is already back in Paris looking for another dramatic trifle to embellish.

It should be obvious that no two of the people connected with "Gigi" have exactly coincided in their feeling for its form. Though all are perfectly aware that they are dealing with a stylistic anecdote, there is a wide range of attack.

The attractions do add up, though. The plot is appealing, the scenery handsome, the music pleasant, the performance buoyant. And in Audrey Hepburn, who plays Gigi, Mr. Miller has introduced a young actress of great charm. It is Miss Hepburn, in fact, who pulls the whole thing into focus. She is able to play as broadly as M. Rouleau wishes her to, and as delicately as the original fable suggests, at one and the same time. Instead of shifting styles with her colleagues, she manages to wrap them all into a simple, coherent, and delectable pattern of her own, and this is a major achievement for a fledgling performer. (*At the Fulton*) WALTER KERR.

The Screen

BULFINCH REVISED

WHEN moviemakers decide to go in for a subject they frequently go whole hog, fancied up with an apple in the mouth. I don't know what inspired the makers of *"Pandora and the Flying Dutchman"* to combine two unrelated legendary figures in a modern-dress story and set it on the Mediterranean coast of Spain. The Flying Dutchman legend, as anyone familiar with his Wagner knows, is concerned with a man who has been floating around on the seas for several centuries and is allowed to return to land every seven years to look for a woman who loves him so much she's willing to sacrifice her life for him. The Greeks had several versions of the Pandora tale; they agree she was the first woman, but they differ as to what was in this jar she opened: she allowed either man's evils or blessings to escape, but in any case the virtue of hope was saved. So maybe Pandora is just the girl to rescue the Dutchman from his long punishment.

In the movie script written by Albert Lewin, who also directed and had a hand in the production, the Dutchman, played by James Mason, is being punished for blasphemy and for having killed his wife, whom he thought guilty of infidelity. The symbolism goes a little haywire when you discover that Ava Gardner, playing the modern Pandora, is also the wife in the flashback. But maybe you just better not ask the why of the story in this strange movie, strange because it was obviously designed for high-brow appeal and yet it seldom hits the stride of a really high-brow movie. Albert Lewin, afraid that audiences weren't going to get the point of the fantasy elements of the combined legends, reiterates his themes until even the dullest minds can grasp the fact that beautiful, selfish Pandora is unhappy because, though much-loved, she never loves. Both she and the Dutchman could be redeemed if they could really fall in love with each other. But the film insists on giving us so many examples of Pandora's ruthlessness and magnetism that it begins to get funny and we realize even Ava Gardner can't have that much appeal. Her first victim, a playboy, takes poison. (Pandora was bored with his self-pity) Her next (Nigel Patrick) becomes her fiancé by destroying the racing car he's been working on for two years (a most spectacular and improbable scene). Her next, a bull fighter (Mario Cabre), meets death in the afternoon by being gored by a bull when he looks up suddenly and sees the Dutchman in the audience. (He thought he killed the Dutchman the night before, but, of course, he doesn't know that the Dutchman cannot die until he's redeemed.) By this time Pandora gets wise as to who the Dutchman is and by this time you may be sound asleep.

As a movie "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman" is much too long; its confused and pretentious story is

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stretched out too far; and while its acting is, on the whole, good, the theme asks too much of Miss Gardner, whose assets are more physical than mentally subtle. But in spite of its faults, I should like to recommend this film to anyone who has some extra time. It is one of the most visually beautiful movies I have ever seen.

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MOVIEGOERS who don't give a hang for pretty pictures and mythology but like a little action in their cinema might be attracted to a couple of new war films. In spite of the confining action of tanks themselves, *"The Tanks Are Coming"* is fairly busting with energy. This is due mainly to the hairy-chested performance of Steve Cochran as a sergeant who mechanically drives his crew with about as much finesse as his own driver uses in handling the lumbering tank. And some of the film's blustering energy is due to the exuberant Roverboyish script that dramatizes the big push of the Third Armored Division in France in 1944. Tanks and their crews are the heroes of this semi-realistic piece; and scattered among the personalized scenes showing conflict between Cochran and his men and the big battle scenes showing tanks in action, are some off-stage speeches that try awfully hard to make you think that tanks won World War II.

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MUCH SMALLER in its scope, but straining harder for realistic effects, is *"Fixed Bayonets!"*, a close-up of the men in a platoon who fight a rear-guard action to give the regiment a chance to escape. The locale is a snow-covered mountain in Korea early in 1951. What distinguishes this movie from many other of the big war films we've seen in the past three or four years is that it makes no attempt to give us the usual cross-section of men from various parts of the United States. We get to know some of the men fairly well, but we don't have their characteristic speeches and habits so carefully drummed in that the men are types instead of real people. Director Samuel Fuller, who also wrote the script, manages to keep the action moving at a fast pace although most of the events cover little ground. The tension builds as time passes; the Reds attack and are still unaware that only a small platoon is holding the pass. Tension is increased when one of the men, a corporal excellently played by Richard Basehart, realizes the time is getting closer and closer when he will have to take over command but psychologically he is not prepared. Although there are several good performances in this film (Gene Evans, Michael O'Shea, Skip Homeier and others) the men, because of their snow suits and beards, look too much alike; and we can't always distinguish one from the other. (Perhaps the old system of establishing types in war movies has it advantages.) In spite of this occasional confusion of characters, and dialogue that gets a touch arty at times when it editorializes, "Fixed Bayonets!" is an exciting war movie and one that directs our attention where it should be more often: on our fighting men in Korea. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

A Key to the Meaning of Manzoni

By SERGE HUGHES

ALESSANDRO MANZONI'S *The Betrothed* in a new translation by Archibald Colquhoun (*Dutton*. $5) has recently appeared. It was needed. Previous translations had relegated this Italian novel in English-speaking countries, to those works which cautious readers, out of deference to the literary tastes of another country, respect, occasionally admire, but do not read.

Mr. Colquhoun's new translation well conveys the leisure of Manzoni's style: the dialogues are lively and spontaneous, the sentences light and unhurried. There is a lilt to the prose. One might expect then, now that the lines of the novel are discernible, that the work would be justly evaluated. But the difficulties in the way of the average reader are too great to be removed by a good translation.

The Betrothed is a novel which deals with the Baroque. It is concerned with the dissolution of that epoch. It cannot be fully grasped without the knowledge of what it is that is falling apart.

The unpopularity of the Baroque is so deep-rooted that even an account of its downfall cannot nullify the indifference or suspicion in which its religious thought and expression are generally held. No doubt the period of the early Christians, the Middle Ages, and even the modern day are considered more suitable background for a novel with religious interests. The Renaissance is considered to be too close to a revival of sin (it never needed a revival) and the Baroque is employed as a background for counter-Reformation hagiography. This attitude towards the Baroque is like that manifested towards mesmerism. By calling mesmerism hypnotism, an impressively scientific term, one divests it of quackish connotations. By calling the Baroque the Counter Reformation, one purifies it of all melodrama and rhetoric and makes it a symbol of virile reform. But the problem is more than nomenclature.

The answer to the problem may be that by ignoring or strongly underestimating the significance of the disintegration of the Baroque, the American reader may completely misread Manzoni's account of the developments and ideals that succeeded it, and his judgment of them. It is not enough that Manzoni's faith could do without magnificent past epochs, as the faith of many of his contemporaries, more Romantic than Catholic, could not. The greatness and difficulty of Manzoni is that his faith evidences an heroic tranquility and equa-

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nimity which modern religious sensibility, priding itself on its "tormented" aspects, finds disturbingly moderate and balanced. Certainly the youthful readers of Graham Greene will find *The Betrothed* a rather simplicistically pious novel.

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OSTENSIBLY, *The Betrothed* is a novel of two young, poor people who are about to be married, are forcibly separated, and after many trials are finally reunited. But it is not that at all. That is not the idea of the novel. Renzo and Lucia are threads that bind together; they are not hero and heroine in the usual sense. There are a number of "heroes," and each has his own indelible weakness—Renzo and Lucia, Father Cristofero and even the exalted Cardinal Federigo. This absence of a clearly dominating hero points to Manzoni's keen recognition of the death of one of the Baroque's great ideas, the death of the hero.

No longer, then, the hero who surveys all, but now, surveying all, a spirit of minute moral scrutiny, at times almost in the mood of the skeptical 18th century, of all those flaws which greatness can never dissolve. There is something in *The Betrothed* which is almost the temper of the *honnête homme* of the eighteenth century considering the age of the Baroque. Almost—save that in Manzoni's Catholicism there is not much room for sarcasm. Sarcasm is alien to Manzoni. In its place, and surpassing it there, is Manzoni's irony. That irony, the fruit of a long meditation on a long and noble tradition, part pagan, part humanist, eloquently and insistently urged the retention of qualities of moderation and balance; an unconditional belief in the mystery and mysteries of the Faith made it possible to look with detachment and calm upon the complexities of life, the difficulty of distinguishing trust from gullibility, hate from love, the tragic from the comic.

The finest creation of this irony is Don Abbondio, a creation of genius: a weak, lovable, contemptible, all too human priest, he symbolizes a part of all men. There is in him, and consciously, the adumbration of the truth that more and more the times will call for compromise in order to survive, and that as never before compromise will become desperately difficult to attain. Don Abbondio is the spirit of compromise, the incarnation of that powerful cynicism which Italians allude to when they say, *"Bisogna salvare la pelle . . ."*—one must save the skin.

Thus the problem of those who would be neutral, common to the Italian literary tradition since Dante, is Manzoni's chief interest. Dante solved the problem in part by placing those angels who sided with neither Satan nor God, in the first circle of Hell, distant from both God and Satan. Machiavelli, in more somber times, took the all-absorbing interest of the neutral—survival—and made it the cornerstone of his political thought, perhaps with more bitterness than his critics believe. In Manzoni, the heroism of sacrifice has become so rare and difficult that power has been transferred to those whose greatest value is survival, those who have become part willing, part unwilling conspirators in a tyranny.

That Manzoni could conceive and judge such an intricate moral universe is reason enough to admire him. But when one remembers that the religious thinkers to whom Manzoni was most attracted were the rigorous Catholics of the French 17th century, and that Pascal was one of his heroes, the greatness of the man becomes luminous. How could any of the inflexible, ascetic residents of Port Royal conceive of a Don Abbondio? Where in Jansenism is there any place for irony?

Is Don Abbondio the hero of the novel? He probably is, although the reader may not care to admit it: it would overcomplicate the idea of hero. But how can it be that all this complexity and all this richness is not seen by the average American reader? Babbitt, who is infinitely less of a creation than Don Abbondio, has certainly achieved a remarkable popularity. And is Babbitt so very different from Don Abbondio?

But perhaps the answer is the simple one, very hard to believe: Don Abbondio and the characters that surround him, the *pious* Lucia, the *fiery* Father Cristofero, the *wise* Cardinal Federigo, have all become prototypes of figures in a small, cozy Biedemeyer group. Readers insensitive to what is not directly said, not quick to discern the tone of the work, consider *The Betrothed* a typical 19th century historical novel. They do not know of Manzoni's deprecatory attitude towards the historical novel as an art form, much less can they discern his hatred of security-at-any-price ethics.

★

THESE thoughts may offer some clues as to the puzzling disinterest in Manzoni among Americans. The Baroque has not been an experience for us. The Christian irony of Manzoni is too easily confused with an attitude of passive resignation. Besides, the love story *is* somewhat bloodless. The wisdom of Manzoni is, perhaps, too elusive. It does not strike the reader that he does not look to the poor for salvation, that he sees their faults as he sees the faults of the rich. It does not stand out that he glorifies neither peasant ignorance nor common sense nor a rich erudition. It remains in the background that as a Christian aristocrat he is beyond the subtlest class illusions, and that the chaste reserve of his life is integrally transferred to his writings. How unlike some of our more blatant contemporaries' is Manzoni's attitude towards his conversion!

But somehow all these qualities have been overlooked, and he is by some, and has been by many, considered as an imitator of that accomplished interior decorator of history, Sir Walter Scott.

All these reflections, of course, are only half-truths, or five-sixths truths, or three-sevenths truths. We may some day know the whole truth of Manzoni's puzzling unpopularity. In the meantime, one has the obligation to read this new translation of *I promessi sposi*. Unamuno once said that he learned Danish in order to read Kirkegaard. So the reading of Manzoni would justify learning Italian.

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Communications

"Southern Parish" Statistics

New Orleans, La.

TO the Editors: It is probably true, as Father Furfey remarks in his review of my book, *Southern Parish* [Nov. 16] that "a good many readers" of COMMONWEAL are "unskilled in the criticism of social research." But it is also true, I am sure, that all of the readers of this periodical are sufficiently adept at simple arithmetic that they require no expert to interpret the statistics of *Southern Parish* for them.

Father Furfey has a reputation as an expert; he is also held in high esteem as the Chairman of the Department of Sociology at Catholic University. For these reasons I was disturbed when I first read his opinion that my *Southern Parish* (the product of four years of tedious and detailed labor) "gives evidence of hasty and careless work."

As I read further in his review, however, I was greatly reassured when I noted the particular example he selected to demonstrate his opinion. If the other "statistical errors" which he found in the book are similar to this one, I am confident that the book contains very few errors.

Father Furfey seems disquieted that only 3,033 (or 57.4 per cent) of the 5,281 parishioners attend Mass *every* Sunday in the year. Yet, in face of the facts we have assembled, this "rough estimate" which is merely "an attempt to classify the parishioners" (p. 152 f.) is a generous estimate. While I have tried to be scientifically objective in this study I am probably guilty of over-estimation rather than of under-estimation. As Father Reinhold has remarked in another review, my assistants and I see "a great deal of good, hidden and open" in the parish. He thinks that we are "willing to interpret every favorable symptom for the best" (see *Books on Trial* for November).

One is surprised to find a social statistician of Father Furfey's reputation making an elementary statistical mistake. He suggests the use of the average Sunday Mass attendance (3,465) as a base for the *actual* number of parishioners who attend Mass every Sunday. It is obvious to the least discerning reader that you have to use the Sunday of the lowest attendance for this estimate. A little reflection will convince anyone that the year's lowest attendance of 2,758 undoubtedly included some parishioners who did not attend on *every other Sunday* of the year. Thus, my addition of ten per cent to account for people who went to other parish churches for Mass is perhaps a generous estimate.

In his minute and mistaken criticism of this one sample, which is meant to be illustrative of the "other errors" in the book, Father Furfey overplays the "extraordinary weather" and the "bitterly cold Sunday" when only 2,758 persons attended Mass. The official city temperature on that day was 32 degrees at six o'clock in the morning, 31 at nine o'clock, and 32 at noon. This is not a summer day in the South, but at the same time it is not a day on which "schools are

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often closed while people postpone important business and break engagements."

Finally, Father Furfey hoists himself on his own statistical petard. It is he, not I, who suggests that the estimated 275 absentees can be logically taken as a percentage of the 5,281 parishioners who have the obligation to attend Sunday Mass. As a matter of fact, there are over two thousand parishioners who simply do not go to Mass on *every* Sunday of the year whether or not they intend to go, whether or not they have legitimate excuses. If 5.21 per cent (which is Father Furfey's *own* estimate) seems "an extraordinarily low estimate" *to him,* it has nothing to do with either the book or its author.

In a way, it is a compliment to the statistical accuracy of *Southern Parish* that Father Furfey chose the particular item which he did for his extensive criticism. I am relieved that a professional statistician cannot make out a good case against even this rough estimate of mine. This seems an admission that the great majority of my statistics (which are actual counts, and not estimates) must be taken "at face value" and will not give the reader "a distorted picture of a certain Southern parish." (Rev.) Joseph H. Fichter, S.J.

The United States and Spain

Bloomfield, N. J.

TO THE Editors: During the month of October I traveled in Spain from Santiago de Campostela through Galicia, New and Old Castile; Leon, Aragon and Catalonia. Here are some of the things I observed.

The Spanish people are proud and independent. They seem to be well satisfied with the regime of General Franco. He restored order and gave them peace, cleared up and removed the ruins caused by the Civil War, reduced the national debt, is trying to develop the natural resources of the country, particularly electric power. They feel he is working for them, and in their interests.

The religious life of the people seems to be quickened. In Toledo, in preparation for a Mission, a mass meeting was held at night in the Plaza Major. At it, the Cardinal spoke and gave his blessing. The next day every church in town was crowded with young people listening to a sermon. Everyone knows that General Franco is a weekly communicant; this is felt to be fit and proper in so Catholic a country. At the beginning of a journey, very many, both young and old, bless themselves in train or autobus. Religious orders have more vocations than ever before.

These are some of the reasons why I take exception to your review of Carlton Hayes' book *The United States and Spain,* which appears in the November 16 issue of The Commonweal. For many years your editors seem to have had an obsession against General Franco, a fixation regarding the present civil and religious rule.

It is unfortunate that you cannot send someone to Spain to live there for six months or so, to learn something about the history and traditions of the people which go back to pre-Christian eras. Both these things Carlton Hayes has done.

(Rt. Rev. Msgr.) Thomas F. Burke.

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Books

Brain-Washing in Red China. Edward Hunter. The Vanguard Press, Inc. $3.50.

THE means by which regimes retain power are sometimes very different from the means by which they attain it. Seldom has this difference been more conspicuous than in the case of the Chinese Communists. Instead of relying mainly on popular good will, the Communists now regiment and indoctrinate their subjects almost beyond belief. This is the picture which emerges from the newspapers and from a series of scholarly studies of Communist China which are beginning to appear in print, such as "Report on China" in the September 1951 issue of *The Annals* of the American Academy of Political and Social Science. It is also the picture painted in a first-class piece of reporting by Edward Hunter, *Brain-Washing in Red China*. In order to find out what Chinese Communism is doing to the minds and lives of those who live under it, Mr. Hunter interviewed refugees in HongKong, studied Communist propaganda, and traveled to the Malayan jungle to read the diaries of Chinese Communist guerrillas fighting the British.

Everywhere he found the same themes. The Chinese are told from Peking that the oppressed peoples of the world are struggling for freedom under the inspiration and leadership of the Soviet Union; Stalin can do no wrong. Pre-Communist China and the United States are wicked and oppressive. The Chinese Communist leadership is all-wise and must be obeyed in everything. Mere neutrality or passive approval is not enough; everyone who is not an "activist" must face the unpleasant process known as "brain-washing." This consists of an intensive indoctrination course whose main feature is an endless series of "self-criticism meetings" in which everyone is expected to reveal his own ideological deviations, past and present, and accept gratefully the criticisms of the others present. Education and literature in Communist China are designed primarily to wash the brains of those exposed to them.

Mr. Hunter occasionally lays himself open to the charge of exaggerating for the sake of making his point, a charge often leveled against journalists. For example, compare his description (p. 218) of Communist influence in Hong Kong—

> With a few exceptions, all the Chinese-language bookshops, including most of the big ones, were either entirely or overwhelmingly pro-Communist. These bookshops refused to accept literature which the Communists disapproved of. Indeed, a number of the bookshops and publishing houses were actually registered with the Chinese propaganda bureau in Canton, across the border in Red China. Exactly as in Malaya and Indochina, the Communists were making believe that they already held Hong Kong, and they included it in the jurisdiction given Canton officials.

—with the much less dramatic description by E. Stuart Kirby, a professor of economics at the University of Hong Kong, in the issue of *The Annals* mentioned above:

> There is no sign or portent whatever of internal trouble. Hong Kong is far from being a worker's paradise, but the local people know how much better off they are than the workers and peasants of the mainland. The local trade unions are on the whole less exigent and vociferous than those of the United Kingdom. Local bookshops are full of Marxist literature of the most boring repetitious type, read by comparatively few people. . . .
>
> A year ago the cities of Hong Kong and Kowloon were ablaze with bright new Communist flags. There have been no changes in the regulations permitting any such display, but by the end of 1950 few such flags were seen, and those still visible were looking old and dirty. Today it is necessary to conduct a considerable search to locate even one of these emblems. Thus rapidly has the Red Star waned.

Although there can be no doubt that the techniques of thought control described by Mr. Hunter are highly successful in producing outward conformity, the genuineness of the conformity is another question. Much that was good, and much that was bad, in pre-Communist China has been wiped out in the last two years, but it seems unlikely that the proverbial individualism and common sense of the Chinese can really be eradicated in such a short time by any methods, however drastic.

An ideology built on lies is likely to disintegrate, like a mummy exposed to air, if it is confronted with the truth. How to confront the Chinese, and other peoples threatened with Communist domination, with the truth, however, is a very difficult problem. The programs of the Voice of America have been hampered by lack of funds, Communist censorship, the shortage of receiving sets in the "underdeveloped" areas, and the frequent unsuitability of the programs to the mentality of the audience. After his recent trip to the Far East Governor Dewey pointed out that propaganda addressed to the peoples of Asia must not only appeal to their desire for a higher standard of living but must also satisfy their intellectual and spiritual needs. Our government has not always borne this simple truth in mind.

To anyone interested in the study of Communism, and especially to anyone who believes that Communism may offer a solution to at least some of the problems of mankind, Mr. Hunter's book is highly recommended. Like Communist China, it "leans to one side." It is not the whole story, but it is an important part of the story.

HAROLD C. HINTON.

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Ross and the New Yorker. Dale Kramer. Doubleday. $3.50.

AN English critic recently described *The New Yorker* as a magazine which always makes a point, and not the obvious point either—the one right next to the obvious. That, I think, says it. It explains why "America's most sophisticated magazine" is also one of America's most popular, most quoted magazines.

For more than a quarter-century *The New Yorker* has been making the almost-obvious obvious, with enough wit, urbanity and editorial shrewdness to service half a dozen magazines. It has provided a happy middle place where *Reader's Digest* devotees, say, and *Partisan Review* subscribers can meet in democratic fellowship.

As Mr. Kramer makes clear in this book, *The New Yorker* has had a tremendous effect on American humor since its comparatively lumbering first issue appeared, in 1925. Through the years a brilliant staff of cartoonists and writers have worked out a studied (and flattering) subtlety which proved to have great popular appeal once it caught on. *New Yorker* fiction, similarly, has profoundly influenced the course of the modern short story, to the delight of many people weary of boy-meets-girl formulas, and the serious concern of a comparable number of conscientious critics. The latter feel that *New Yorker* fictionists are so preoccupied with slicing up life that readers may in time forget what a hunk of meat looks like.

The magazine has developed bright new techniques in reporting: its Profiles and Reporter at Large method are now an accepted genre. Eschewing the conventional short-story form in its fiction, *The New Yorker* has very successfully adapted it to reportage.

All in all, the magazine has been a staggering success. The New York *Herald Tribune* said on the occasion of its silver jubilee: "Few publications have produced such a sum of stimulation, contributed so greatly to enlightenment by sprightly criticism and lively concepts of reporting, generally raised human gayety and taste, and increased the concept of individual dignity." That is by no means a rare sentiment. I know mugs and nuns, equally devoted readers, who agree with it.

The magazine has become much more than even its ambitious founders anticipated—an expression more spiritual than geographic. *New Yorker* readers, I suspect, are largely divided between those who feel they are slightly ahead of the time and those who fear they are slightly behind; to put it another way, between those who suspect they are a bit more sophisticated than the editors and those who wish they were.

Even its sourest critics will agree that the magazine represents journalism at its best. According to this book, the primary credit must go to Harold Ross, from the beginning editor in chief. Ross is an erratic genius (is there any other kind?) who never learned to be satisfied with less than perfection. He is as nervous about commas as an English teacher and it is known that a single typographical error can make him physically sick. Perfectionism sometimes leads to sterile inaction, but Ross has avoided the common trap: he has never come to be satisfied even with his own dissatisfactions.

Dale Kramer here tells Harold Ross' story, from tramp newspaperman, through his basic training on *Stars and Stripes* during World War I, to his present eminence at the very top of his profession.

Gathered around the moody giant in these pages are such well known writers and artists as Alexander Woollcott, E. B. White, James Thurber, Peter Arno, Ogden Nash, Dorothy Parker, Helen Hokinson, Robert Benchley—the list is a long one.

The story of Ross and *The New Yorker* is of special interest to professional journalists, but I suspect lay readers will find it rewarding, too. Yet I wonder whether such a frank unveiling will work to the profit of the magazine itself. Mystery and legend wondrously enhance, and up to now there has been an aura around Mr. Ross, who has wisely hid in the shadows, and most of his co-workers. To point up the argument, we have the recent example of Miss Tallulah Bankhead, whose fabulous wit has more and more seemed to be another Broadway fable since the day she began her marathon radio show.

There is a dangerous possibility that after reading this book those *New Yorker* readers who have always suspected they were more sophisticated than the editorial staff will now be sure, while those who have had hopes will lose heart. The results could mean havoc in the circulation department.

JOHN COGLEY.

Lord Chesterfield and His World. Samuel Shellabarger. Little, Brown. $5.

THE exquisitely precious reference to his servants as "unfortunate friends" in Lord Chesterfield's will was not necessarily ironic or cynical. He had picked up the phrase a half-century before in one of the leading salons of Paris, where dabbling in democratic theory was a pastime of both society and literary circles. Here high-born young Philip Stanhope, later Fourth Earl of Chesterfield, Ambassador to the Hague, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and eventually the best-known letter writer in the history of literature, had come in 1715 for final polishing in the paradoxical prerequisites of an 18th century gentleman—enlightenment, rationalism, and the aristocratic graces.

The lustre held up reasonably well in his progress through political and diplomatic ranks. A prudent, pragmatic approach in everything he said or did helped him to earn a distinguished place in society. By most of the standards of that hard and brilliant epoch, he was a success, a man who had got ahead in the world. Throughout, he was a free thinker, an apostle of "common sense," a modernist, who was friendly with Montesquieu and Voltaire, known and admired by Frederick the Great. The depraved condition of the lower

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classes, so grimly depicted in Hogarth's "Gin Lane," apparently posed no problems for the "progressive" minds of that period. Being poor was just tough luck.

After withdrawing from political life, Chesterfield set out to fashion his illegitimate son in the same mould. His aim was to lead the boy to even greater heights by hammering into his poor bewildered head all the lessons of worldly wisdom learned in a lifetime of conniving for personal advancement. The tragi-comical result is well known. Chesterfield's intended self-ideal turned out a stumbling oaf who gulped his food, married beneath his station, and died relatively young, believing in the vulgar and despised superstition of Romanism.

The superbly written letters by which Chesterfield tried to prepare his boy for elegant manhood were never intended for publication, but his daughter-in-law had them on the market within a few years after the writer's death. Ever since, they have been alternately denounced as the evil code of an amoralist, or defended as a graceful and practical exposition (after a little cleaning up) of the art of fine living.

Dr. Shellabarger, author of several well-received historical novels, demolishes both theories at great length with careful, and often pungent, scholarship. In a style that would not be out of place in that century of great English prose, he presents a constantly engaging picture of an extraordinary man and the extraordinary age of which he was both a product and a fashioner. It is a richly satisfying study of a man who was, like all of us, at various times "the glory, jest and riddle of the world" in the words of Chesterfield's great contemporary and friend, Pope. There is no insipid neutrality, however, and Shellabarger expresses blunt contempt for anyone who uses the natural virtues or the Golden Rule only for the sake of success, while scorning the idea that they have any spiritual basis.

Chesterfield's honest materialism, his open espousal of La Rochefoucauld's philosophy of "enlightened selfishness," repulsive as they are, are no worse than many similar practices of the modern world, made more shameful by a mask of arrogant sanctimoniousness. Human nature perpetuates certain human types, as Shellabarger says, and Chesterfieldian tactics for getting ahead are in daily use in business, the arts, and government right now. And many of the enlightened are not much different from their predecessors. Not long ago I heard an active clubwoman, civic worker and ardent birth control advocate ask her only grandchild what she was going to do with her extra toys. "Give them to the poor," said the child. "We don't call them poor, my dear," said Grandma softly, "we call them unfortunate."

PAUL V. FARRELL.

Gates of Dannemora. John L. Bonn. Doubleday. $3.

THIS is the story of a prison, a Gothic church and a priest.

A Month To Go

This week was marked by the receipt of a large contingent of new Christmas gift subscriptions. By December 5 the over-all total had reached 2,729 new long-term subscriptions since "Operation Survival" began. That means that 1,771 more will bring The Commonweal to its goal. The magazine's position has been further strengthened by cash donations amounting to $2,998.

A further encouraging element is the tenor of the many letters we have received from readers and well-wishers. A number of friends of the magazine are still out selling subscriptions and seeking personal and institutional aid for the magazine.

St. John's University, Collegeville, Minn., Notre Dame University and St. Thomas College, St. Paul, Minn., are among the colleges that have sent in groups of new subscriptions in the past few days.

An unusually good Commonweal Christmas would come close, therefore, to putting the drive over.

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The prison is Dannemora, one of the strictest and most feared in America. There are over 3,000 men in this institution. At least 1,300 prisoners there have gone insane in recent years. The church, with its three chapels, Catholic, Protestant and Jewish, is within the walls of the prison, built entirely by the men themselves. It is the dream and achievement of a priest, Father Ambrose R. Hyland, Catholic Chaplain at Dannemora since 1937. Father Hyland built the Church of the Good Thief, then later founded The Good Thief Foundation, a society to aid the inmates of all penal institutions.

The sermon was very brief at his first Mass in the prison. "We have both been sent here. The Bishop sent me and the state you. Together we must work out our own salvation."

There were months of discouragement, when sullen, suspicious inmates would barely speak to him, then—an inspiration. He would build a church within the prison walls, a church named after Saint Dismas, the Good Thief. The church would be built by the inmates themselves.

There were many objections: you cannot trust desperate men with tools, the question of money, the laborers were untrained, etc. A society outside the walls tried to prevent the work, and failed.

The Gothic church was built entirely by the inmates, who were not forced to work. Even the stained glass, the painting over the altar, the iron work, all was done by the men themselves. Slowly a new feeling came over the prison. The atmosphere began to change.

There are stories, sad, horrible and pathetic. Luciano, sending one day for the Chaplain, offering to give him $1,000 to go to New York and play the numbers. It was "fixed." There would have been $30,000 for the church in it. There was a case of four gangsters who wanted only two guns for four days. There would have been $50,000 for the church in that. Both offers were refused, yet understood. Then there was a trip to Hollywood, where a picture was to be made.

As the Chaplain said to the Hollywood producer: "You cannot tell people what the Church of the Good Thief means unless you have the courage to look into your own heart and know your own evil and your sorrow for it—your repentance. And perhaps, God have mercy upon you, your falling into sin again and again. That's not only the story of Dannemora, that's the story of the human race."

John L. Bonn, the author, has written well. Perhaps the flashbacks, where he tells the stories of various men and women who found themselves, is a little confusing, as he goes back and forth in the telling. But that is a minor thing in so fine and sensitive a book. To read it is a spiritual adventure.

Dannemora is still a dreadful prison. They all are. But it is a better and more humane one because of Father Hyland. And, high above the walls towers the stone steeple of the Church of the Good Thief.

CHARLES J. DUTTON.

Born of Those Years. Perry Burgess. Henry Holt. $4.00.

THIS is the factual story of a man who has lived for others, told by himself. The mere mention of lepers or leprosy incites fear and repulsion in men, but when Dr. Burgess first heard of the plight of those affilicted with the disease for which no cure has been found but only amelioration, he promptly set his heart on doing what little he could do to ease the lot of the sufferers. Like Wilfred Grenfell, with whom he had worked previously, he could honestly say: "Don't call me a hero. I do this work because I get such fun out of it." Fun? Yes. But also hard work. It has taken him, to use his own words, "over the Seven Seas, across mountains, and through jungles. I have poked my nose into almost every country on earth. Mine has been the most absorbing work a man can do, because it is an attempt to meet the problems of the most tragic, the most neglected, and the most gallant people on the face of the earth—those who are the victims of leprosy." Dr. Burgess's wife, Cora, courageously shared in the work.

The treatment of lepers by their neighbors varies from ostracism to being burned alive, as was the case in China where the lepers were invited to a large warehouse and promised a feast there. The poor souls, all anticipation, flocked to the building, which was saturated with kerosene and set afire. As president of the Leonard Wood Memorial for twenty-seven years, the author has traveled in Korea, China, Africa, South America, Bali, etc. In India alone there were at least a million people who had the disease. Research is being carried on in order to discover the cause. In the meantime the problem is to make life more livable for people who are not to blame for being its victims. The author discusses segregation and its evil effects.

Dr. Burgess's chronicle is not a dismal one in spite of its theme. It contains interesting episodes of travel, anecdotes, and portraits of fine people. Indeed, it is warm, inspiring, adventurous, and it arouses admiration.

JOHN COURNOS.

• REVIEWERS •

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JOHN COURNOS writes regular reviews for the New York *Times, Herald Tribune, Saturday Review of Literature* and other publications.

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Calendar for a Gift

Last Christmas The Commonweal promised that gift subscriptions would embody much colorful and significant reading throughout 1951. The following chart gives some idea of the way the magazine carried out that promise.

January: Nicholas Maestrini of Hong Kong wrote about the situation of the Church in China and Francis Downing on "Mr. Pegler's Innocent Bliss."

February: Jacques Maritain on The Problem of Means; John Cort on Unions in the South; Norbert Muhlen on Pastor Niemoeller and His Flock.

March: Two controversies: "War and Conscience" by F. H. Drinkwater and "The Catholic as Philistine" by William P. Clancy.

April: 'Meditation in Grand Central," by Joseph Czapski; "Monk and Hunters," Thomas Merton; "Stones for Bread?" Julie Bedier.

May: "The State and Human Freedom," Eugene J. McCarthy; "Old Calabria," Sean O'Faolain; "Leon Bloy," Raissa Maritain; "The Russian People," Nicholas Timasheff.

June: "The Last Hope on Earth," by Francois Mauriac and "A Note on George Orwell" by Geoffrey Ashe were among the features having to do with literary men.

July: "The Wetback Story," by William Korcik and "The Impact of the West on Asia," by Arnold J. Toynbee.

August: "To Move Toward Christian Unity," by Karl Adam; "Church, State and the Person," by Frederick E. Flynn; "The Heart's Own Reasons," by Evelyn Waugh.

September: "Postscript on the Cicero Riot," by Daniel M. Cantwell; "Tito and the Peasants," by Bogdan Raditsa.

October: "The Religious Novel," by Martin Turnell; "Marcel Legaut, Professor Turned Peasant," by Robert Barrat; "Simone Weil," by H. A. Reinhold.

November: "Germany Revisited," by Waldemar Gurian and "Miss Bentley's Bondage," by Joseph Alsop.

December:' 'Contemplative Seamen," by Peter F. Anson and "Christmas in Positano," by Henry Rago.

Something of a like quality is in store for those who receive The Commonweal as a present for Christmas and all through 1952. The attached coupon provides a handy way of ordering a gift subscription. *See inside back cover for special Christmas rates.*

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